Western Carolinian.

It is even wise to abstain from laws, which however wise and good in themselves, have the semblance of inequality which find no response in the heart of the citizen, and which will be evaded with little remorse. The wisdom of legislation is especially seen in grafting laws on conscience. *Dr. Channing.*

[BY JOHN BEARD, Jr.] SALISBURY, ROWAN COUNTY, N. C.... MONDAY AUGUST 12. 1833. [VOL. XIV....NO. 688.

TERMS

The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published once a week at two dollars per annum, if paid within three months; or two dollars and fifty cents, if paid at any other time within the year. No Paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the Editor's discretion.—No subscription will be received for a less time than one year.

A failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, one month before the expiration of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.

Any person procuring six solvent subscribers to the Carolinian, shall have a seventh paper gratis.—Advertising at the usual rates.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid or they will not be attended to.

☞ These terms will be strictly adhered to.

We publish to day an article from the New York Courier, on the subject of the emancipation fanaticism, that is getting up in the north, that deserves the attentive perusal of our southern readers. The Courier is in the centre of action, on this subject; and no doubt it sees many things invisible to us at a distance.

But the south still slumbers, and trusts to insincere declarations—declarations accompanied with reservations which render them actually nugatory. *U. S. Tel.*

FROM THE NEW YORK COURIER.

THE SOUTH.

Although not among those who believe there is any settled design, on the part of the sober, rational people of the non slave holding States, or their legislative bodies, to interfere, *directly*, with the rights of the southern planters, in relation to the extremely delicate subject of slavery, yet we cannot but think they have been unnecessarily worried as well as insulted on various occasions. As holders of slaves, they have been perpetually stigmatised with injustice, tyranny, and cruelty; they have been placed, as it were, below the other citizens of the United States; their characters have been assailed, as buyers, sellers, and scourgers of their fellow creatures; their right to the possession of a large portion of their property, has been questioned on abstract principles of natural right, and they have been driven into sectional combinations, in defence of their rights as well as their character. They have been indirectly charged with corruption, in arguments to show the demoralizing effects of slavery, and as patriotic, as honorable, as high minded a race as this or any other country can boast, has been held up to the world, in the light of a delinquent *caste*, united with hereditary crime.

We say, we do not believe there is any organized or meditated plan among the sober, rational portion of our fellow citizens, or in their legislative bodies, to interfere with the guaranteed rights of the planters of the south; but we should be blind to the indications which exhibit themselves almost every where, if we did not distinctly perceive that such a plan is cherished, not only in this country, but Great Britain, and is in quiet progress for its ultimate accomplishment. We see it in the force of the example presented by England in relation to her West India possessions; in the language of newspapers, pamphlets, public meetings, and in the organization of new societies for the purpose of influencing public opinion, *and public action*, on this most momentous subject. We say public action, because, in this country, if not every where else, opinion is the sovereign; and the report of the rifle follows the flash not more instantaneously, than does action, opening among a free and sovereign people. In vain do laws protect and constitutional provisions guaranty rights and immunities; the moment public opinion ceases to sustain them, they fall to the ground and are trampled upon with impunity. The laws and the Constitution are but the creatures of the people's will, and they can alter as they made them.

If, therefore, there is among a certain class a design on foot, as we most seriously believe there is, to emancipate the slaves of this country, without regard to the laws of the land, or the rights of property, as we see in England; the mode adopted of silently, and warily proceeding to dessem inate opinions, and habits of thinking, favorable to those purposes, is not only the surest, but the shortest way, to bring about this result. We have lately seen it asserted in the Washington Globe, and in other quarters, that this design is only cherished by enthusiasts and fanatics, and that the sober, rational portion of the people, not only have no participation in the project, but will oppose it to the extent of their numbers and their power. It may be so. But let us ask, what proportion the sober and rational people of the United States bear to these enthusiasts and fanatics? Is not the land overrun with the latter, and are they not increasing and multiplying every day, nay, every hour, and every moment of the day? Does not their wealth, their influence, and their power, advance in proportion not only to their numbers, but to the force of that spell which they throw over the minds, and that dominion they exercise over the thoughts and actions of their disciples?

The thoughtless and inexperienced may laugh at the efforts of fanaticism and enthusiasm; but it is only these that work miracles now a days; and however cheap we may hold the talents of a *Walker* or a *Garrison*, we will venture to say, that they sway the mind and express the opinion of more human beings in the United States, than all the philosophers and metaphysicians of the world put together. The wiser portion of mankind, indeed, will not be misled by the rash uncalculating enthusiasm of men who neither think nor reason; they scorn to yield assent to any thing but the most conclusive logic, and despise the seductions of bad spelling, and bad grammer. They forget that these have often overturned systems and empires; and that the most powerful, the most irresistible of all agencies, except that of Omnipotence itself, is fanaticism operating on the passions of the people. All the first impulses which struck on the pulse of the Universe, and all the revolutions religious as well as political, that have happened in our age, proceeded from the ignorant, not from the wise, from the governed, and not from the governors.

In our opinion, therefore, the planters of the south have ample cause for apprehension on the subject of slavery. Already have their lives more than once been placed in jeopardy, by the persevering attempts of the followers of the new school of philanthropy, which holds it both religion and morality to interfere with the rights and safety of others, in the pursuit of a questionable good. We do not mean to blink this question, and, therefore, think we have made a concession to the advocates of speedy and universal emancipation when we say a *questionable* good.—Where has the emancipation of the negro, *as yet*, operated to make him better or happier? We ask the question, where has human happiness been extended or increased by emancipation? Are the negroes of St. Domingo more enlightened, moral, religious, happy, or comfortable, than under their old masters? Does that island yield one tenth part of the fruits of cultivation, the means of existence, the blessings of life, it did in the hands of the whites?—Are the free blacks of Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, more enlightened in mind, or moral in habits, or comfortable in circumstances, than the slaves in the south, ? Every body knows and sees they are not. The poor-houses, the jails, the penitentaries, the hospitals, the State prisons, the streets, distinctly prove they are neither one nor the other. The records of crime, and the records of poverty, are decisive of the question.

So far, therefore, experience is against emancipation, unless some better means can be devised, for enabling the manumitted slave to benefit by their freedom, than have hitherto received the sanction of philanthropy. Yet, in the pursuit of this questionable good to others, who claim no kindred blood or kindred color with us, we are alienating the affections of a large portion of our fellow-citizens, weakening the bonds of our Union, and preparing the way for a series of consequences, at which the stoutest nerves will shiver in the contemplation.

The present and ultimate evils of this habitual interference with the relations of master and slave in the south, are sufficiently palpable; the means of preventing such interference are not equally so.—The mischief is already done, so far as respects the success of the measures taken to render the slave discontented and dangerous. Emissaries carrying with them and disseminating books, calling upon the slaves, in the name of their God, their Saviour, and their religion, to rise and return tenfold to their masters the wrongs they have suffered, have been fatally busy amongst them, and prepared the way for such scenes as were witnessed but the other day in Lower Virginia. When the Governors of that State and of Georgia applied to the Chief Magistrates of Massachusetts and New York, whence it was ascertained these inflammatory books proceeded, by the former he was answered, that there was no law to reach the case; by the latter, no answer was given. Gov. Throop, it seems, did not think it a matter deserving of notice.

What remains then, when the sister States refuse to aid in protecting, but that the south shall take upon itself its own protection, and act on the universal principle of self defence? It is not only their right but their duty to do so, and if the other co ordinate members of the Union should resort to measures, to counteract, or interfere with, these indispensable precautions, *then the people of the south must take care of themselves.* The Union will then, indeed, become to them a curse instead of a blessing, and they will be justified in the eye of Him who has ordained self-preservation, the first law of nature, in a final separation from those, who, though they may not be active, are yet passive instruments, in undermining their interests, blasting their reputation, and placing in imminent peril the lives of their wives and children. This is no question of mere political ascendancy; no squabble of rival demagogues; no petty strife of temporary interests; but one of safety or peril—life or death. Here is the link in the chain of our Union that is weakest, and that will first break. We owe it to the people of the south not to touch it; we owe it to the union and happiness of the States, not to touch it; we owe it to the great maxim of doing as we would be done by, not to touch it; and we owe it to every feeling of kindred blood, and kindred interests, to check by every lawful means, the wild projects of fanaticsim, whose steps in every age and nation of the world, have been marked like those of the murderer, with the blood of innocent victims. Fanaticism is the most dangerous, as well as remorseless passion of the human mind; it acknowledges no laws but of its own creation; it owns no tie of kindred, of nature, or humanity; it laughs at all the restraints of justice; and pleads the sanction of Heaven for the violation of every duty to its God, its country, and its fellow creatures.

The Richmond Whig has the following remarks upon the extract from the speech of Mr. Conrad of Philadelphia, delivered in the city on the fourth instant, and published a few days since, in the Telegraph.

"This is the language of an American Democrat—a friend of Union, and a friend of Liberty. How nobly it contrasts with the slavish and senseless outpouring of the Proclamationists—who would sacrifice the *essence* of Liberty and all else the Union was designed to secure, to the mere *name* of Union, without any of its benefits to a military despotism in fact. It is, indeed, cheering to know that such sentiments are still entertained beyond the Potomac, and leads to the hope that, as man worship wanes, they will resume their ascendancy among the democracy of the north. Then will affection and union be restored, and our institutions again all work harmoniously. But so long as any considerable portion of the people of these United States shall claim for the General Government the sole power to construe the Constitution & to enforce its decisions on the sovereign States, at the point of the bayonet, harmony, affection, and union will continue dangerously attenuated; and, at the first attempt to carry out the doctrine into practice, they will snap asunder. All the sections and all the interests of this confederacy have esteemed the Union with the like warm affection, because they believed it secured liberty and right, consequence abroad, and prosperity at home. But when the doctrine was set up that, by ceasing to be the Union the States lost their sovereignty, and became to the Union what counties are to a State—that there was no check on the Federal Government but its own discretion,—and that it was treason in a sovereign State to interpose its authority to arrest, within its jurisdiction, the operation of an unconstitutional and oppressive act of the General Government, well might those who believed themselves freemen, and were determined to be free, take the alarm. Should the Proclamation fail even succeed in pursuading the majority of the people of every State that that instrument contains the true exposition of the nature of the federal compact, what do they hope to gain by it? Submission to that construction? If they do they are egregiously deceived. The majority who, for the time, may he benefitted by acts of the General Government, will, doubtless, think it all very right; but the minority, who feel the oppression, will feel the Union to be a curse instead of a blessing, and will resist even unto death; and all the power of the General Government would be insufficient against the resistance of a solitary State, ever to restore union and harmony. It becomes the true friends of Union and Liberty, every where, to view this important subject calmly, deliberately, and intelligently; and we trust the old and the young democracy will arrive at the conclusion, that the doctrines of Jefferson can only save, while those of the Proclamation would shipwreck these United States. That the former will preserve our liberties and rights, and blind us in a union of interest and affection, presenting these States to foreign nations as one nation, while they preserve among themselves each its sovereignty, and the exclusive regulation of its own internal affairs—thus nicely balancing the operations of the General and State Governments, so as to derive all the power and resources of a consolidated Government, while the liberties of all are fully preserved, by each State being the protector of its own liberty—the judge for itself of infractions of the Constitution, and of the mode and measure of redress." *U. S. Telegraph.*

Major Jack Downing says that after the President received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Harvard University, some of them "slick looking fellars" offered to give him (Maj. Jack) a degree; while the President was drinking a mug of cider with Mr. Quincy, they took him into a little room and wrote some *lating* upon a sheet of pasteboard, just like the General's, and they set down and signed their names to it; they told him it was a degree of A. S. S. which stood for Amazin Smart Skoler. The Major says that the kolidge fellers when they gave the General his pasteboard, jabbered away like all natur, in a gibberish worse than Black Hawk's, but the old General never let on, and nodded his head, as if he understood every word of it.

THE CAROLINIAN.

FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CORLUM

SALISBURY:

AUGUST 12, 1833

So much of *our* time, and of the time of our journeymen, has been necessarily given, this week, to printing circulars, & attending the two elections, that we have found it impracticable to fill our whole paper.—We hope, therefore, that our readers will be pleased to excuse our *half-sheet*; and as the contest, which was an animated one, is now over, we shall endeavor to make our paper more interesting; at all events, we shall have more leisure, and shall devote more time to the editorial columns, than we have been able to do, since the electioneering campaign opened.

ELECTION.

On Wednesday last an election was held in this Town for a member to represent the Borough; and on Thursday the annual election took place throughout the County for a member of Congress, members of the Legislature and Clerks of the Courts. The following is the result:

Congress.—A. Rencher, no opposition.
Senate.—John Beard, jr.
Commons.—C. Fisher and J. Clements.
Clerk of the County Court.—Jno. Giles.
Clerk of the Superior Court.—Hy. Giles.
Borough of Salisbury—R.H. Alexander.

The State of the Polls will be given in our next. We repeat the hope that our patrons will excuse our *half* sheet of this week; in addition to the apology which has been already given, we have to plead sickness in our family which has added no little to the unusual embarrassments of the week.

We shall seize the first opportunity to make up the present deficiency by an extra sheet.

FEDERALISM & DEMOCRACY.

Our Jackson friends in this county have hereto fore called themselves the democrat ic party. Why, in all their recent calls for meetings have they dropped this part of their title? Has the proclamation frightened them? Whether so or not, it is undeniable, that the democratic party and their principles have been, (by General Jackson too) utterly annihilated. The nullifiers and secessionists are now your only democrats. The administration of General Jackson is, beyond all comparison, the most *federal* administration that the country has seen since the days of Washington. It has carried the principles of the old federal party farther than even John Adams did. We do not allege this to object to it. On the contrary, we do not hesitate to say that, as the principles of the federal party are now almost universally allowed to be those upon which alone the Government can be successfully administered, General Jackson deserves praise rather than censure for conforming to them. *Fred. Ex.*

Can no Jackson proclamation man give an answer to these slanders of the nationals? Our columns are open to them. Will none of the Union chivalry of the south venture to break a lance in defence of the honor—the republican honor—of the administration? Alas! conscience makes cowards of us all. *U. S. Telegraph.*

LATEST FROM MAJ. JACK DOWNING.

FROM THE PORTLAND COURIER.

Washington City, July 26, 1833.

To my old friend, the Editor of the Portland Courier, in the State of Maine.

My dear old friend:—I dont know but you might think strange on't, that I should be back here to Washington more than a fortnight, and not write to you. But I haint forgot you. You needn't never be afraid of that. We ant very apt to forget our best friends; and you may depend upon it Jack Downing will never forget the Editor of the Portland Courier any more than Andrew Jackson will forget Jack Downing. You was the first person that ever gave me a lift into public life, and you've been a boosting me along ever since. And just between you and me, I think I'm getting into a way now where I shall be able by and by to do something to pay you for it. The reason that I havn't write to you before is, that we have had pretty serious business to attend to since we got back.—But we've just got through with it, and Mr. Van Buren has cleared out and gone back about the quickest to New York, and I guess with a bed bug in his ear. Now just cut back so quick from Concord, without going to Portland, or Portsmouth, or Downingville? You know the papers have said it was because the President wa'nt every well, and the President had to make that excuse himself in some of his letters; but it was no such thing. The President and I marched on foot twenty miles a day then, and only let him been at the head of my Downingville company, and he'd a made a whole British Regiment scamper like a flock of sheep.

But you see the trouble on't was, their was some difficulty between I and Mr. Van Buren. Somehow or other Van Buren always looked kind of jealous at me all the time after he met us at New York, and I could'nt help minding every time the folk hollered "hoorah for Major Downing" he would turn as red as blazes.

And wherever we stopped to take a bite or to have a chat, he would always work it, if he could, somehow or other, so as to crowd in between me and the President.—Well ye see, I wouldn't mind much about it, but would just step round 'tother side. And though I say it myself, the folks would look at me, let me be on which side I would; and after they'd cried hoorah for the President, they'd most always sing out "hoorah for Major Downing." Mr. Van Buren kept growing more and more fidgety till we got to Concord. And there we had a room full of sturdy old democrats of New Hampshire, and after they had all flocked round the old President and shook hands with him, he happened to introduce me to some of 'em before he did Mr. Van Buren. At that the fat was all in the fire. Mr. Van Buren wheeled about and marched out of the room looking as though he could bite a nail off. The President had to send for him three times before he could get him back into the room again. And when he did come he didn't speak to me for the whole evening. However we kept it from the company pretty much; but when we come to go up to bed that night, we had a real quarrel. It was nothing but jaw, jaw, the whole night. Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Cass tried to pacify us all they could, but it was all in vain. we didn't one of us get a wink of sleep, and shouldn't if the night had lasted a fort-night. Mr. Van Buren said the President had dishonored the country by placing a military Major on half pay, before the second officer of the Government. The President begged him to consider that I was a very particular friend of his; that I had been a great help to him at both ends of the country; that I had kept the British out of Madawaska away down in Maine, and had marched my company clear from Downingville to Washington, on my way to South Carolina to put down the nullifiers; and he thought I was entitled to as much respect as any man in the country.

This nettled Mr. Van Buren peskily. He said he thought it was a fine time of day, if a raw jockey from the obscure village away down east, jest because he had a Major's commission, was going to throw the Vice President of the United States, and the Heads of Departments in the back ground. At this my dander began to rise, and I stepped right up to him; and says I, Mr. Van Buren, you are the last man that ought to call me jockey. And if you'll go to Downingville and stand up before my company with Sargeant Joel at their head, and call Downingville an obscure village, I'll let you use my head for a foot ball as long as you live afterwards. For if they wouldn't blow you into thousand atoms, I'll never guess again. We got so high at last that the old President hopt off the bed like a boy; for he had laid down to rest him, bein it was near daylight, though he couldn't get no sleep. And says he, Mr. Donaldson, set down and write Mr. Anderson at Portland, and my friend Joshua Downing at Downingville, that I can't come. I'm going to start for Washington this morning. What, says Mr. Cass, and not go to Portsmouth and Exeter and round there! I tell you, says the President, I'm going to start for Washington this morning. and in three days I'll be there. What, says Mr. Woodbury, and not go to Portland where they have spent so much money to get ready for us! I tell you, says the President, my foot is down; I go not a step further, but turn about this morning for Washington. What, says I, and not go to Downingville what will uncle Joshua say? At this the President looked a little hurt; and says he, Major Downing, I can't help it. As for going any further with such a din about my ears, I cannot and will not, and I am resolved not to budge another inch. And sure enough the President was as good as his word, and we were all packed up by sunrise, and in three days we were in Washington.

And here we've been ever since, battling the watch about the next Presidency. Mr. Van Buren says the President promised it to him, and now he charges me and the President with a plot to work myself into it and leave him out. Its true, I've been nominated in a good many papers, in the National Intelligencer, and in the Munch Chunk Courier, printed away off among the coal diggers in Pennsylvany, and a good many more. And them are Pennsylvany chaps are real pealers for electing folks when they take hold; and that's what makes Mr. Van Buren so uneasy. The President tells him as he has promised to help him, he shall do what he can for him; but if the folks *will* vote for me he can't help it. Mr. Van Buren wanted I should come out in the National Intelligencer and resign, and so be put up for Vice President under him. But I told him no; being it had gone so far I wouldn't do nothing about it. I hadn't asked for the office, and if the folks had a mind to give it to me, I wouldn't refuse it. So after we had battled it about a fortnight, Mr. Van Buren found it was no use to try to dicker with me, and he's cleared out and gone to New York to see what he can do there.

I never thought of getting in to be President so soon, though I've had a kind of hankering for it these two years. But now, seeing its turned out as it has, I'm determined to make a bold push, and if I can get in by the free votes of the people, I mean to. The President says he rather I should have it than any body else, and if he hadn't promised Mr. Van Buren beforehand, he would use his influence for me.

I remember when I was a boy about seven years old, there was an old woman came to our house to tell fortunes. And after she'd told the rest of 'em, father says he, here's Jack, you haven't told his fortune yet, and I dont spose its worth a telling, for he's a real mutton headed boy.—At that the old woman catched hold of my hair and pulled my head back and looked in my face, and I shall never forget how she looked right through me, as long as I live. At last says she, and she gin me a shove that sent me almost through the side of the house, Jack will beat the whole of you. He'll be a famous climber in his day, and whenever he sets out to climb, you may depend upon it he will go to the top of the ladder. Now putting all these things together, and the nominations in the papers, and "hoorahs for Major Downing," I dont know what it means, unless it means that I must be President. So as I said afore, I'm determined to make a bold push. I've writ to Col. Crocket to see if I can get the support of the western States, and his reply is, 'go ahead.' I shall depend upon you and uncle Joshua to carry the State of Maine for me; and in order to secure the other States I spose it will be necessary to publish my life and writings. President Jackson had his life published before he was elected, and when Mr. Clay was a candidate he had his'n published.—I've talked with the President about it, and he says publish it by all means, and set the printer of the Portland Courier right about it.

So I want you to go to work as soon as you get this, and pick up my letters and begin to print 'em in a book; & I'll set down & write a history of my life, to put into it, & send it along as fast as I can get it done.

But I want you to be very careful not to get any of them are counfounded counterfeit letters, that the rascally fellers have been sending to the printers, mixed in along with mine. It would be as bad as breaking a rotten egg in long with the good ones; it would spile the whole pudding. You can tell all my letters, for they are all sent to you first. Except that I am going to deny but that I did send one letter to old Mr. Lang that prints the New York Gazette. And I don't know as it is any body's business if I did send one to him; for he's a fine old gentleman, and every time I've been in New York, he's always been very kind to me and never charged me a cent for my keeping; and he always agrees with me in politics exactly.

The President says I must have a picture of me to put into my book. He says he had one put into his. So I believe I shall write to Mr. Thatcher that prints the little Journal paper in Boston, and get him to go to some of the best picture makers there, and get them to [illegible] some slick [illegible] can. T[illegible] you know what [illegible] get [illegible] the people, and then all [illegible] you now, right up [illegible] will take any office that [illegible] by the free votes of the people. [illegible] unite democratic republican, and always was, and so was my father before me, and Uncle Joshua besides.

There's a few more things that I want to speak to you about in this letter, but I'm afraid it will get to be too lengthy. That are story that they got, in the newspapers about my being married in Philadelphia is all a hoax. I ant married yet, nor I shant be till a little blue eyed gal, that used to run about with me and go to school and slide down in Downingsville is the wife of President Downing. And that are other story that the President give me a Cornell's commission just before we started down east, is not exactly true. The President did offer me one, but I thanked him and told him if he would excuse me, I should rather not take it, for I had always noticed that Majors were more apt to rise in the world than Cornels.

I wish you would take a little pains to send up to Downingville and get uncle Joshua to call a public meeting and have me nominated there. I'm so well known there it would have a great effect in other places. And I want to have it particularly understood, and stated in their resolutions, that I am the genuine democratic republican candidate. I know you will put your shoulder to the wheel in this business, and do all you can for me, for you was always a good friend to me, and jest between you and me, when I get in to be President you may depend upon it you shall have as good an office as you want.

But I see it's time for me to end this letter. The President is quite comfortable, & sends his respects to you and [illegible]. I remain your sincere friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Miscellaneous.

COURTSHIP.

Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers, take my coat tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at, in a fog. Indeed as regards beauty some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how they are so nigh matched that they have hated and despised each other, like rank poison, ever since they were school girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on and set himself down to reading the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door.—"Walk in.—Well John how der do? Get out Pompey—Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire, and how do *you* do? Why so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will you hold you yop—haul up a chair and set down John."

"How do *you* do, Mrs Jones?" O, midlin,' how's marm? Don't forget the mat there, Mr. Beedle," This put me in mind that I had been off sounding several times in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a pickle.

The dog stretched himself before one and iron, the cat squat down before the other. Silence came by degrees like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow birch forestick. Sally set up prim, as if she were pined to the chair back; her hands crossed gently across her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hand across her lap. But they would not lay still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet they would bounce up now and then and go through the motions, in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something the more my tongue stuck fast: I put my right leg over my left and said hem; then I changed and put the left over the right. It was no use; the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eyes upon my hat, hanging on a peg near the door; and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old captain, all at once sung out 'Johny Beedle!' It sounded like a clap of thunder, I started right up an end.

"Johny Beedle, you'll never handle sitch a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusaler. He would toss up his drumstick and while it was whirlin' in the air, take off a gill er rum and then ketch it as it come down without losing a stroke in the tune. What do you think of that lad? But scull your chair round, close long side er me, so yer can hear.—Now what have you come arter? 'Oh jest taken' a walk; Pleasant walkin' I guess; I mean to see how ye all do:' "H—That's another lie. You've come a courtin,' Johny Beedle; ye're arter our Sal. Say; d'ye want to marry or only to court?"

This was what I call a choaker,—Poor Sally made but one jump and landed in the middle of the kitchen: and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping cough, was put to bed.

Then [illegible] the apples and cider; and the [illegible] broke, pretty chat with [illegible] about the minister and the [illegible]." I agreed with her to a T, upon all the points of doctrine [illegible] I had forgot the text. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted to be the best singer in the galary, that day. But mum, there is no getting that out of me. "Praise to the face is often disgrace," says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed and the squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue tied again, I set right in, with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also made some pretty cute guesses at what it was likely to be in future. At first I I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then growing saucy I repeated it at every comma and semicolon; and at last it was hitch, hich, hitch, and planted myself fast by her side.

"I vow, Sally, you looked so plaguey handsom to-day, that I wanted to eat you up."—"Pshaw, 'get along you," says she. My hand had crept along some how upon its fingers, and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again, with a desperate jerk. "Try it again"—no better luck. "Why, Miss Jones, you're getting rather upstropolous; a little old maidish, I guess.' "Hands off, is fair play, Mr. Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip my arm around her waist. But there was no satisfying me, so I must go to poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face and made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a gridiron.

The battle now began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and ha' done with it, now."—"I won't, so there, nor teech to." "I'll take it whether or no." "Do it if you dare." And at it we went rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was shut up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill dam broke lose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish cloth.—But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tacklin began to shiver. It parted at the throat, and woorah, came a whole school of blue and white beads, scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hokey; if Sal Jones isn't real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer for want of breath she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her sides, her head back over the chair, her eyes closed, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air. Lord! did you ever see a hawk bounce upon a red robbin! Or a humble-bee upon a clover top? I say nothing.

Concarn it how a buss will crack, of a still frosty night. Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake. "There goes my yeast bottle," says she to herself, burst into twenty hundred pieces, and my bread dough again."

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones' door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. *Portland Adv.*

From Badger's Messenger.

Against slander there is no defence —Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend, nor man deplore so fell a foe. It stabs with a word, with a nod—with a shrug —with a look—with a smile. It is pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion wide, and which the most weary traveller cannot avoid; it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin. It is the poisoned arrow; whose wounds are incurable; it is the deadly adder; murder its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

The man who breaks into my dwelling or meets me on the public road, and robs me of my property, does me injury. He stops me on my way to wealth, strips me of my hard-earned savings; involves me in difficulty, and brings my family to penury and want. But he does me an injury that can be repaired. Industry and economy may again bring me to circumstances of ease and affluence; smiles of gratitude may yet play, upon the cheeks of my offspring, as they receive the small token of parental love.

The man who comes at midnight hour and first my dwelling, does me an injury—he burns my pillow, my raiment, my very shelter from the storm and tempest; but he does me an injury that can be repaired. The storm may indeed beat upon me, and chilling blasts assail me; but charity will receive me into her dwelling, will give me food to eat and raiment to put on, will timely assist me in raising a new roof over the ashes of the old, and I shall again sit by my own fireside, and taste the sweets of friendship and of home.

But the man who circulates false reports concerning my character; who exposes every act of my life which can be represented to my disadvantage; who goes first to this, then to that neighbor, tells them he is very tender of my reputation, enjoins upon them the strictest secrecy, and then fills their ears with hearsays and rumours; and what is worse, leaves them to dwell upon the hints and suggestions of his own busy imagination. The man who in this way, "filches from me my good name," does me an injury which neither industry, nor charity, nor time itself can repair. He has told his tale of slander to an uncharitable world. Some receive it as truth, others suspect the half is not told to them; and others dress what they have heard in the highest coloring, add to it the foul calumny of their own inventions and proclaim it at the corners of the streets and on the house tops. Should I prove myself innocent, and attempt to meet the scandal with contradiction, the story of my disgrace outstrips me, and solicitude to contradict it excites suspicion of guilt. Should the slanderer confess his crime, the blot is made, and his tears of repentance cannot wash it out. I might as well attempt to recall the winds or quench the stars, as to recall the infamy, or wipe the foul disgrace from my character.

I attach a high value to my fellow men. I cannot but wish that while I live among them, I may hold a place in their affections and be treated with the respect which is due my station. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," or than "precious ointment."

"'Tis the immediate jewel of the soul,
The purest treasure mortal times afford."

Give me this, and I can face the frowns of fortune—can be pointed at as the child of poverty, and still know what it is to be happy. Take this away, and you strike a dagger into my soul, you render life itself a burden. The frowns of a world, the finger of scorn, and the hiss of contempt, are more than a man can endure.

Yet dear as reputation is, "and in my soul's just estimation prized above all price," it is not too sacred for the slanderer to tarnish and destroy. He can take from me the confidence of my employers, the respect of my friends; can blast my reputation with his pestilential breath and feel not a pang of remorse. He glories in nothing so much as in the slaughter. He would blight the fairest flower in the garden of innocence, demolish the loftiest temple of human purity, and place his broad stain of infamy on the holiest servant of the living God.

The slanderer has not a single pretext or excuse to palliate his offence. A desire of gain may urge some men to the commission of crime: the incendiary and assassin may be excited by this base passion to perpetrate their deeds of darkness and of death, but the man who attacks me with slander has no hope of personal good; and if he robs me of character, he

"Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed."

He gratifies the malice of his heart, adds one more to the family of wretchedness and woe, and enjoys a secret pleasure—yea, even triumphs as he reflects on the infamous achievement.

"*Barney, leave the girls alone.*"

A correspondent of the British Naval Chronicle, affirms that this musical bagatelle, owes its origin to the kiss publicly bestowed on the late Commodore Barney, by the beautiful Queen of France, on the occasion of his visit to Paris, after his gallant exploits at sea, in the war of the Revolution. The maids of honor were all so eager to follow the gracious example of the Queen, that it is said, the young American became thenceforth, an object of envy and dislike to all the beau monde, at Court.

The bagatelle was composed by an Irish officer, who was present when the royal familiarity was exhibited.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

Rock-Spring Temperance Society, Davidson County N. C.

Temperance the vehicle of morality, and the angel of mercy, appears to be progressing through our land in a variety of places. It has recently made its appearance in the lower part of Davidson County, N. C. According to previous notice and appointment, the inhabitants in the vicinity of Rock-Spring Church, assembled themselves together, for the purpose of taking into consideration the cause of Temperance, and forming a society, on the 1st of July ult., at which time the meeting was ably opened by the Rev. Meager Hill, who was followed by a very appropriate and sympathetic appeals to the audience by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Barnum and others. At the same time, 37 persons, out of those who were present, voluntarily gave their names to abstain entirely from the use of ardent spirits, the thief that has been so long plundering, and taking away so many of our most talented and respectable fellow-citizens. On motion the Rev. Meager Hill was unanimously called to the chair, and on motion of Mr. Bill, Allen Newsom was unanimously elected President of the society. The following persons were then nominated as officers, and accordingly, were duly elected, to wit:

REV. MEAGER HILL, President.
REV. DR. WM HANNAH, V. P.
ALLEN NEWSOM, Sec'y.

ROCK-SPRING TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Whereas, we view Temperance as a blessing, and one, too, highly important, to the community at large; and whereas, we believe a frequency of nourishment and cultivation is necessary to establish it, and quickens the progress of such institutions; therefore, instead of holding our meetings annually, we, the board, have resolved to hold quarterly meetings, which we believe will add more vigor and prosperity to our society. And we further recommend our brethren of similar societies, to adopt the same plan.

On the 3rd Sabbath of August next, (the 18th day,) the society has appointed, and will hold, meetings at the same time and place, the Rev. Mr. Hill, President, will preside, and deliver a sermon on the [illegible] Temperance is therefore [illegible] feel an interest in the Temperance cause, towards its advancement in our [illegible] vicinity: and they are respectfully solicited to attend on that day, when and where there will be a convenient time for the reception of members, and great interest is hearing.

May those who fall by misfortune, be lifted up by the hand of friendship.

A. NEWSOM, Sec. of the Board.

Jackson-Hill, Davidson Co. N. C.
July 27th 1833.

DIED,

In this vicinity, on the morning of the 9th inst., *Mr. William N. Hampton*, of Iredell county, N. C.

SALISBURY FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE exercises will be resumed on the 1st. day of October next. Tuition per session (5 months) is $10,50. Drawing and Painting, $10. Music, $20, paid in advance.

BENJ. COTTRELL, *Principal.*

Salisbury, Aug. 9th 1833.

Dissolution of COPARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the copartnership between the subscribers, has been dissolved this day. All persons indebted to the firm, will call and settle their accounts with Hugh Culverhouse, by the last day of this month, or they will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. 3:90 pd.

JAMES HUMPHREYS.
HUGH CULVERHOUSE.

Salisbury, Aug. 9, 1833.

State of North-Carolina,

LINCOLN COUNTY.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to Molly Whitner, one of the heirs of John Mull, dec'd. that there is now in my hands, sixteen dollars, which is due to her, as one of the heirs of said John Mull.—Said Molly Whitner is, therefore, hereby requested to come forward and claim said money within the time prescribed by law, otherwise, I will dispose of it as the law directs.

S. W. ROBINSON, Ex'r.

July 24th 1833. 88 3m

NEW CHEAP *Spring & Summer* GOODS.

THE firm of HACKETT & LEMLY having been dissolved, the business in future will be conducted by

S. LEMLY & SON,

Who are receiving direct from

New-York & Philadelphia,

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

Spring and Summer GOODS,

Of the latest Importations, consisting of

Dry-Goods, & Groceries,
Hats, Bonnets & Shoes,
Hard-Ware, Cutlery, and
PLATED WARE,
Saddlery, Crockery, &c. &c.
—*ALSO*—
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
Carpenter's, Cabinet-Maker's, and
Blacksmith's Tools.
LIKEWISE, A GOOD SUPPLY OF
Greek, Latin and English
SCHOOL BOOKS,

And all other articles usually kept in retail Stores, which they intend selling at small profits for cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers.

They respectfully invite their friends, and the public generally, to call and examine the assortment for themselves.

Cotton, Corn, Oats, Flaxseed, Beeswax, Tallow, and almost every description of country produce will be taken at fair prices, in exchange for goods.

Salisbury, N. C. 1st May, 1833. 74tf

A CARD.

G. WALTER JUSON, M. D.
SURGEON DENTIST, OF RICHMOND, VA.

WILL visit Salissbury on the 27th of this month, and remain a short period, every operation requisite to preserve and beautify the Teeth will be done on moderate terms, and late approved principles.

Ladies waited on at their dwellings.

☞ The Rev. Clergy attended gratuitously. 76tf

May 12, 1833.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the Estate of Norman Owings, dec'd, are requested to present them legally authenticated or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

W. MONROE, *Adm'r. with the will annexed.*

July 13, 1833. 3:88

NOTICE.

THE certificate for Four shares of the Capital or Joint Stock of the State Bank of North Carolina, subscribed for in the name of Ja's. Locke and transferred to Philip Hanes late of Rowan county, N. C. dec'd, being lost or mislaid, Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that I shall apply to the President of said Bank, either in person or by agent to issue a duplicate thereof. 77—3m

GEORGE HANES, Ex'r.

Salisbury, May 24th, 1833.

NOTICE.

ON the night of the 4th of July inst. some person entered my house and stole out of my pocket a calf-skin or sheep-skin pocket-book containing about one hundred and eighty dollars in bank bills, and also sundry Judgments, Executions and notes, among which the following are recollected, to wit:

A Judgment and Execution in favour of John Woods vs. Ephram Prather for a sum between $25 or $30.00.

A Judgment and Execution in favour of A. Torrence, Admr. vs Epraim Erwin for about $32.00, also a bond on Erwin for the delivery of property levied on to satisfy that Execution.

A Judgment and Execution plaintiff not recollected vs R. Torrentine and J. Torrentine placed in my hands by David M'Ewen.

A Judgment and Execution in favour of Shuford vs Joseph Stephenson for about 5.00.

A Judgment and Execution vs Silas Stewart for about $2.00.

A note on A. D. Brooks and J. Tanner to James Mcknight, due 4th July, 1833 for $3.00.

A note given by Elijah J. Smoot to L. H. Alexander, date and amount not recollected.

The foregoing papers besides others that cannot now be recollected so as to describe them, were placed in my hands as an officer for collection, and the persons who are indebted thereon are notified not to pay their accounts to any person except myself, Joseph P. Caldwell, Theophelus Falls, or William F. Cowan. Those who hold my official receipts for papers are requested to present them for adjustment to one of the above named persons. JOHN H. SMITH,

Constable.

Statesville, July 5, 1833. 84tf

N. B. We have been informed by Mr. J. H. Smith, that the pocket book and most of the papers have been found, but none of the money.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having qualified as Executrix of the Estate of Alexander R. Caldcleugh, deceased, gives notice to all persons having demands against said Estate to present them for payment within the time prescribed by act of Assembly, otherwise, they will be barred of recovery by the operation of said act. All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and pay, or secure their debts without delay.

E. S. CALDCLEUGH, *Ex'x.*

Davidson Co. 31 1833. 78 6m

NOTICE.

I AM anxious to close my business in the County of Rowan, and a duty I owe to my DEBTORS, induces me to give this PUBLIC NOTICE, that all notes, accounts, and demands whatsoever must be settled forthwith, or, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of putting them in a course of collection where COSTS will be incurred.

I will attend at Mocksville every law day for the purpose of effecting this object.

ROBERT HARGRAVE.

May 24th, 1833. 77tf

NEGROES WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase a number of

YOUNG NEGROES,

of both sexes, for the next twelve months. Any person having such property for sale, would do well to apply to him, at the Mansion Hotel, as he will give the most liberal prices in cash. The subscriber is not concerned this year with James Huie, in the purchase of negroes.

ROBERT HUIE.

Letters to the subscriber will be promptly attended to, in person, or by Josiah Huie, who is authorised to purchase for him at all times. R. H.

Salisbury, July 18, 1833. 85tf

Negroes Wanted.

THE subscribers wish to purchase YOUNG & LIKELY

NEGROES,

Of both sexes. For such, the CASH will be paid, by making application either personally or by letter, at Lexington, Davidson County, N. C., to

HARGRAVE & HUMPHREYS.

May 24th 1833. 77tf

Blank Deeds,

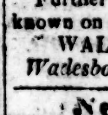
Of every description, neatly Printed, and kept constantly for sale at this office.

Administrator's SALE.

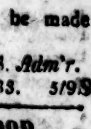
THE SUBSCRIBER will sell at Auction, in Wadesborough, on Monday the 9th of September next, (it being the week of Anson Superior Court,) on a credit of twelve months, all that valuable

Stock of Goods

Belonging to the estate of Thomas Y. Howze, dec'd., consisting of



DRY GOODS,



Groceries,

Hardware and Cutlery,

AMONG WHICH ARE THE FOLLOWING,

SUPERFINE BROAD CLOTHS,

Cassimeres,	*Linens,*
Cassinetts,	*Silks,*
Circassians,	*Satins,*
Bombazetts,	*Muslins,*
Bombazines,	*Domestics, (a Variety,)*
Flannels,	*Hats, (Fine and Common,)*
Blankets,	*Boots,*
Vestings,	*Shoes, (Gentlemen's and Ladies')*
Saddles,	*Coffee, &c. &c.*

Together with an assortment of all the

Fancy Goods

Usually kept by village Merchants

ALSO, at the same time and place, all the Household and Kitchen furniture, several head of Horses and Cattle, and several VALUABLE NEGROES.

The sale will continue from day to day, until all is sold.

Further particulars will be made known on the day of sale.

WALTER G. JONES, *Adm'r.*

Wadesboro', July 20, 1833. 5:93

New Tailor Shop

IN LEXINGTON, N. C.

Mr Theophilus M. Simpson

MOST respectfully informs his friends, & the public at large, that he is now carrying on the Tailoring Business, in all its various branches in the town of Lexington, N. C. in the shop East of the Court House, formerly occupied by P. Fowler.

He regularly receives the latest New York and Philadelphia fashions which will enable him to make any gentleman

A fashionable suit of Clothes,

on short notice, and in a superior style of workmanship. He hopes by assiduous attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

April 12, 1833. 71tf

NOTICE.

THE Certificate for thirteen shares of the Capital or Joint Stock of the State Bank of North Carolina, issued in the name of Francis Locke, (late of Rowan County N. C.) dec'd, being lost or mislaid,

NOTICE

is hereby given to all persons concerned, that I shall apply to the President of said Bank, either in person or by agent to issue a duplicate thereof. 13:91.

JOHN SCOTT, *Ex'r.*

Salisbury, May 28, 1833.

CHARLESTON and CHERAW,

THE STEAM BOAT MACON

CAPT. J. C. GRAHAM having been engaged last summer, in running between Charleston and Cheraw calling at Geo. Town on her way up and down, will resume her Trips in the course of a few days and is intended to be continued in the trade the ensuing season.

Her exceeding light draft of Water drawing when loaded only about four and a half feet water will enable her to reach Cheraw at all times except, an uncommon low river, when her cargo will be lightened: the Expence of Boat.

J. B. CLOGH.

Charleston Sept. 26, 1831.

N. B. She has comfortable accomodations for a few passengers. 93tf

J. B. C.

NEW BINDERY.

WITH a view to the more efficient prosecution of their business, the Subscribers have established a

BOOK-BINDERY.

Having procured the best Materials from the North, and employed a Workman who comes well recommended, they are prepared to execute on moderate terms, all orders in this line.

Account Books, Records, &c. ruled and made to order: and every kind of Binding promptly executed in the best and neatest manner, on reasonable terms.

36tf J. GALES & SON.

Raleigh Aug

DR. S. M. WHEATON

PRESENTS his thanks to the citizens of Salisbury, and its vicinity, for their very liberal patronage; and respectfully informs them, that he will return to Salisbury, about the 12th inst., for the purpose of performing the various operations on the teeth.

All persons indebted to the late firm of HACKETT & LEMLY, are requested to come forward immediately and settle their respective accounts, either by Cash or Note, as further indulgence cannot be given.

July 18, 1833. 85tf